PART II. THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE. PAGES 9-16

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LOITERINGS ABOUT TOKIO.

Strange Sights and Customs of the Land of the Mikado.

BUILT UP BY HUMAN MUSCLE.

Bird's-Eye View of the Capital of Japan—Store and Household Scenes—Straw Shoes—Japanese Farming—New Japan.

"Carp's" Letter.

TOKIO, Japan, Oct. 10.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—The city of Tokio is not down in the geographies of twenty years ago. Now it is the capital of the Japanese empire and its old name of Yeddo is forgotten. The town which for years was the city of the shogun, the commander in chief of the Japanese feudal army, has become the home of the mikado and the center of New Japan. In it may be seen better than any place else, how this most progressive of the oriental nations is putting off its eastern clothes for those of the west, and it forms the center of the struggle of the Mongolian and the christian civilizations. Just midway between the old and the new, the aristocrat in his European clothes rides in his jinriksha, pulled by a bare-legged brother with a shaved head, and it is the comment of the social world that the empress has lately thrown off her comfortable, airy, loose Japanese gown for the tight stays and the bustle of Mr. Worth, of Paris. The crowd

UPON THE STREETS

is a strange conglomeration of the east and the west. One Japanese has on an American hat and beside him walks another, his head is covered with a wheel of straw as big as a boy's hoop, and fastened around his chin with a straw braid. Both have on Japanese gowns which are open at the chest and tied around the hips with a girdle, but the man with the American hat may have his feet stuck into wooden slits or Japaness sandals while the shoes of the other are undoubtedly made in a European workshop. Japanese husbands neatly clad in the latest Broadway or Bond street styles are followed by their wives elegantly dressed in rich soft clothes of the old civilization, and the whole is a strange, delightful conglomeration of the picturesque, bordering often upon the beautiful and now verging upon the ridiculous.

The queer Japanese signs over the stores, great square white boards with black tea box characters upon them, or black signs painted in white have in some instances English translations to catch the European eye. Here is one offering: "Condensed Milk" for sale, and another offers "Cock's Eggs of a Superior Quality." Here is a liquor sign stating that the store has for sale "Wine, Beer and Other," and upon the ginza there stood for a long time a sign which read "Foreign Monkey Jackets for Japanese Gentlemen." This was laughed at so much, however, that it was taken down.

TOKIO.

Tokio is a big city. It covers more ground than New York, and it is nine miles long and eight miles wide. Over it are scattered watch towers for the discovery of fires, and a view from one of these shows an immense plain of one and two-story low tiled houses cut up by unpaved streets and intersected with a network of wide canals. It makes one think of Amsterdam and the overhanging eaves of the houses, the junk boats sailing through the city and men acting as beasts of burden carry out the idea of Holland. The wind-mills are absent, however, but the Bay of Yeddo stretches away in the distance and the country has that remarkable green verdure which makes the Dutch land so beautiful. In the center of the city may be noted specially fine buildings. Some of them are of modern architecture and others are rambling Japanese palaces. They are surrounded by high embankments on which the trees grow, and these are faced with massive walls of stone. Around the whole runs a wide moat and this is known as the castle. It was the seat of the feudal government and in it is now located the new palace of the mikado. The immense plain stretching away on every side is filled with houses and there are a quarter of a million homes lying below you. Tokio has a million inhabitants, and a guide book of the town states that it was nothing before the year 1600. It is the youngest great city of the eastern world and it will probably grow under the new regime.

DOMESTIC SCENES.

A curious city it is. The streets look more like the bazaars of a fair than the blocks of a city, and their low-ridged roofs rarely cover more than two stories. The floors are two feet above the ground, and eaves of the roofs overhang so that fully three feet of ground is sheltered before the floor begins. The houses are made of pieces or slides, and during the day time the whole front of the lower story slides back, and you can see all that is going on within. The Japanese have no false modesty, and all the operations of the family are visible as you pass along the street. Picture here an almond-eyed maiden with a skin of that rich color shown by the cream of the Jersey cow, sits flat on the floor before a little round mirror. Her dress is pulled down to her waist and her upper half is a bare as that of the Venus De Medici. She primps and powders and paints her lips red as I look on behind my fan and wonder, and at last thoroughly shocked, I turn my eyes across the street I see a mother sitting nearly as bare, on the floor of the house opposite, giving a meal to a naked three-year-old boy, who stands up and tugs away like a lamb. I start from the neighborhood but the same sights greet my eyes in every quarter. In one house sprawled at full length upon the floor I see the father of a family lying upon his stomach and kicking up his bare legs. About him play half-naked children and on the canals fullgrown men scull great boats in the clothes that Man Friday wore before he was dressed by Robinson Crosoe. In another house I see the family cooking going on and in another a party is squatted down at dinner. There is with it all but little dirt and the anatomical display as on the whole is not unpleasant.

STORE ROOMS.

The stores and the private houses are mixed together and the rich and poor to a large extent, live side by side. There are certain portions of the capital populated by the working classes only, but Tokio has no slums, good order is everywhere. The store keepers, as a rule, live in their own houses, and their box like shops contain the goods they sell piled up around them. The small merchant, as he sits on his heels or crosses his legs a la Turk, can reach every article he has to sell, and his floor is his counter. His customers sit on it as they buy, and they are not allowed to enter the house without dropping their shoes outside. The ceilings are low and the houses are in long lines or blocks. More of the poorer class, which are formed of wood, burn like paper during a fire. Their partitions are thin, and paper has in most instance taken the place of glass. Thousands of the houses look like gigantic safes and vaults. They have barred windows, and these at the second story are closed with doors made exactly like those of the American bank vault. These are warehouses or fire-proof structures. They are known as go downs, and every Tokio merchant has one of them.

STREET ETIQUETTE.

The streets of Tokio are not narrow like those of China or of the older parts of European cities. One is not jostled as he moves along them, and the crowd of slant-eyed men and women clad in dressing gowns of all colors of the rainbow is a good-natured one, and they laugh and bow low to each other as they meet. The Japanese back is elastic. The India rubber man at the circus would wear himself out in Japan, and the Japanese bowers seem to never get through. They salaam and salaam, and the lower classes knock their heads against the earth as they go down on their knees in paying their respects to their superiors. It bothers one to be the recipient of so much attention and the American feels his awkwardness when he attempts the Japanese bow. It is, however, not unpleasant, and with it all there is little servility and fawning. I am struck with the open kindly expression of the Japanese face. They seem to treat travelers as brothers. They welcome them and are willing to concede that there are other good things outside of Japan. They are manly about it and the only unpleasant thing is the curiosity which one excites among them. Whenever I walk along the streets of Tokio a crowd of men and boys follow me, and if I stop to buy I find that the street is soon blocked.

ON A STILT SANDAL.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! What a noise the people make as they go along the road! They all wear wooden sandals, and their stockings are a kind of a mitten with a finger for the big toe. During wet weather their sandals become stilts, and the whole Japanese nation increases its stature by three inches whenever it rains. These sandals are held to the foot by straps coming over the toes, and there is a straw sole between the foot and the sandal of wood. A tall Japanese on a stilt sandal closely approaches the ridiculous. He sometimes tucks up his long gown under his belt to keep it from being spattered by the mud, and the backs of his bare calves seem to be walking off with the man. The Japanese walk is peculiar. The men put their feet straight in front of them, like the American Indian. They lift them high off the ground and they have a get-there-air about them. The women wabble and wabble; they bend over as they walk and they have what is now in America, the fashionable stride. Their little feet in sandals turn inwards and all female Japan is pigeon-toed. Your Japanese beauty is not averse to showing her ankle and the soul of the Japanese beau does not flutter when he sees a two-inch slice of cream colored skin above the three-inch foot mitten. The Japanese shoe store is one of wooden ware rather than of leather, and the cobbler mends his shoes with the chisel and plainer.

MODE OF STREET TRAVEL.

The whole nation is open at the chest, and only the aristocrats wear underclothes. The gowns of the men and women consist, in the summer, of a loose flowing garment which they wrap about them in folds and fasten at the waist with a sash. In this sash the men carry their pipes and their pocketbooks, and you may often see a curiously shaped brass tube with a head at the end of it sticking out of their belt. This is a penholder, and it contains an inkstand and brush. The sights of an American street are missing. There are few carriages and fewer horses. You may not meet a cart in a morning's walk, and the street car, a new institutton here, is seen only on the Ginsa, which is Tokio's Fifth avenue and Broadway all in one. The avaricious cab man is missing, and the Jinriksha man has taken his place. These bare-legged, big-hatted men dart here and there throughout Tokio, and they will run their sturdy legs all day for a dollar. You may hire them for 10 cents an hour and you can have two men to pull you, for double fare. There are 80,000 of them in Tokio alone. They are in general use all over Japan, and China is fast introducing them. I felt rather ashamed at first of using a man as a beast of burden, but one soon gets used to it and urges the human horse to hurry. The average jinriksha costs about $20.

HUMAN MUSCLE.

Japan is a land made and run by human muscle. The cattle and horses are few and human sweat makes Japan's bread. The mail wagons are pulled by men, and the streets and the castle grounds are watered by push carts. These are filled with great buckets which, fastened to bamboo poles, are dipped by the water carriers into the deep moats, and the water poured into the carts. Some of the streets of Tokio are watered with buckets, and I saw bare-legged and bare-chested men carrying two big wooden buckets of water, each of which, I judge, held about four gallons. One of these buckets was fastened to each end of a pole about four feet long and as thick as your wrist, and this pole was balanced on the bare shoulder of the man. As he walked along he turned a stick which made the water drip through a number of holes in the bottom of the bucket. He carried his load up one side of the street and down the other, and thus laid the dust. His wages were, I am told, somewhere between twenty and thirty cents a day, and out of this he paid his house rent and kept himself and family.

HUSBANDRY.

It is human muscle that cultivates Japan. Cattle and horses are no part of Japanese country scenes, and an American plow, which I saw in a Tokio store, was pointed out as a curiosity. If it is used at all, it will probably be pulled by men. As it is, the land is made fallow with a sort of mattock, which is very heavy, and which has a blade about six inches wide and two feet long. The rice fields of Japan are living monuments of human labor, and every grain of rice you eat represents a certain amount of human muscle. The fields must be flooded again and again with water, and the plants are transplanted from their first growth into rows. I have seen men and women by scores bending their backs and hoeing this rice, and I am told that their wages run from 10 to 20 cents a day.

BURDEN BEARERS.

Human muscle carries nearly all the burdens of Japan. Brown skinned, slant-eyed men and women with baskets cotaining several bushels each upon their backs, pass by my window as I write, and others follow with great loads balanced across their shoulders on long poles. Six-year-old boys carry two four gallon buckets of water in this way and loads of heavy merchandise are pushed along the roads in carts. Two or three men are harnessed up in front. Several push behind with both head and hands. Their muscles stand out like thick cords as they work. The sweat rolls down their brown skin in streams and their faces look out from straw hats as big around as a woman's parasol, and their feet are soled with straw sandals. The few horse carts one sees upon the streets are always led rather than driven by the men and Japan seems to do everything in the hardest way. It is a curious thing that nearly all

THE HORSES IN TOKIO

and Yokohama are stallions. They are black, thick-necked ponies, and they are used, as a rule, for driving or riding. The best class of horse flesh makes a fine show in Tokio, and the turn-out of a Japanese aristocrat is worth nothing. He has usually a betto or out-runner who goes ahead to clear the way, and his coachman is stiff and pompous. Speaking of the stallions, some years ago, I am told, it was ordered by the government that the stallions be kept in certain districts, and the mares in others. How this may be I know not, save that at Nikke, in the interior, I found all mares. The Nikko horses were beasts of burden chiefly, and they carried great loads in pack saddles on their backs. The cart horses here are very curious. There comes one along the narrow business street of Tokio now. He is led by a rope halter in the hands of a brown skinned old man who has a flat round piece of closely braided straw as big around as a good sized parasol on his head. His feet and those of his horse are

SHOD WITH STRAW,

and the straw shoes are in both cases tied around the ankles with straw rope and are made of ordinary rice straw braided so that they form a sole for the foot about a half an inch thick. These shoes cost about a cent a pair, and when they are worn off they are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front part of the cart, and in the country here it was formerly the custom to measure distance largely by the number of horse shoes it took to make the distance. So many horse shoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted, if my memory serves me, for about eight miles of travel. It is the same with the coolies. They throw away their shoes when they are worn out, and last night when I was riding in one of these manpower baby carriages, my ostrich-like steed stopped, threw away his straw shoes and went bare footed. As he did so, I watched the roadway and counted eight pair of worn out straw shoes in a single block.

THE HARNESS

of the work horses is as queer as their shoes. The saddle is as big as a lady's side-saddle, and it is fully eight inches high. The crupper is bound with cloth, and it is as big around as your wrist and it raised the horses tail up as though he had a chestnut bur under it. The carts are as rude as the harness, and in hot weather there is a sort of straw matting cover stretched over the horse by means of two long poles extending out from the front of the cart to protect the horse from the rays of the sun. The same is done with the oxen, who here work, as a rule, single, or in single file, and the oxen are shod like the horses, with straw. Animals, however, are very few, and man power runs the country.

They run it very well, too, and Japan is a land which shows what man can do without any beasts of burden, to speak of. Here are fine bridges, big temples, great moats and good roads, all made by human labor. Here is a country which

BLOOMS LIKE THE ROSE

in California, and which is kept as clean as a market garden, and which does not look less fertile. It is a country with a history running back for tens of centuries, having a literature, a history, a theater, and a poetry of its own. It is a land which has made such a stride in certain branches of art that its curios command a ready sale all over the world, and its silk worms spin their cocoons and its maidens weave their product into silks for the nations. Still, until a very few years past, it was as bare of outside help as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, and steam did not lighten its labors, nor did the four-footed beast furnish it either muscle, food or fertilizer.

THE SOIL OF JAPAN.

I am told that only a small part of Japan is cultivated, and the authorities state that two-tenths of it has as yet not been brought into use. Still the land that I have seen is carefully cared for that this seems almost impossible. The country about Tokio and Yokohama is divided into garden patches, and there is not a weed to be seen anywhere. The soil is as black as that of the Nile valley, and it is as deep as the top soil of the state of Kansas, which Senator Ingalls says is so thick that you can push your arm down into it up to the shoulder and pull out earth which is as rich as guano, in your fist. The soil of Japan is kept in this state by the use, almost entirely, by the fertilizer of the water closet. Every bit of night soil is saved and the sewerage is carried in buckets and carts and scattered over the land. This is done nightly and at certain hours of the evening Tokio smells worse than Naples. There is no system of sewerage in the city, save that of surface drainage, and it is a wonder to me that cholera and typhoid fever are not more often epidemic. The smells from the fields and the rice paddies are as bad at certain times of the year as is the city, and Japan has much to learn on sanitary matters. With such conditions no country can have a pure healthy water, and in many of the homes here the water closet and the well are side by side. Foreigners do not, as a rule, drink the waters of Japan without having them first boiled and filtered. I carry a filter and an alcohol stove with me, and I never touch the water outside of my hotel.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

Speaking of water calls attention to water works. Here is a city of a million inhabitants and according to the latest census of 1885, of more than 250,000 houses. Still, of all these houses, not one in a thousand, if any, have what are called modern improvements, and there are no water or gas pipes running through them. The water of Tokio is not conducted into the houses, but it exists in wells along the sides of the streets. These wells are of wood or stone above the ground, and there is about one or two to the block. They are as big around as a small hogshead sawed off two feet from the top and the wator is drawn from them in wooden buckets attached to long bamboo poles. One of the sights constantly before your eyes here is a semi-naked man or woman tugging at these bamboo poles to get the water for the house supply, and it is from these wells that the supply for the daily baths are taken.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A Summer Pastoral.

Springfield Union.

I would flee from the city's rule and law,
From its fashion and form cut loose,
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,
And the gooseberry grows on its goose,
Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat
As she crouches for her prey—
The guileless and unsuspecting rat
On the rattan bush at play.

I will watch at ease the saffron cow
And her cowlet in their glee,
As they leap in joy from bough to bough
On the top of the cowslip tree;
Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,
And the dog devours the dogwood plum,
In the primitive solitude.

Oh! let me drink from the moss grown pump
That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,
Eat mush and milk from a rural stump,
From form and fashion free;
New gathered mush from the mushroom vine,
And milk from the milkweed sweet,
With luscious pineapple from the pine—
Such food as the gods might eat.

And to the withwashed dairy I'll turn,
Where the dairymaid hastening hies;
Her ruddy and golden red butter to churn
From the milk of her butterflies;
And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
To the fragrant farm yard pass,
When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

A Dollar a Week and Board.

Some Bohemian laborers had agreed to go to work in a tinshop in Philadelphia for $1 a week and board. They had made a contract on shipboard with the owners of the tinshop, who were passengers, binding themselves to work two years at the sum named. They were very anxious to land and get on to Philadelphia for the $1 a week bonanza that was promised them, but the collector said no, the agreement was a violation of the contract labor law, and their dreams of opulence in the land of the free and home of the brave were rudely shattered. A dollar a week and board does not seem much a windfall, and yet there are hundreds—I might say thousands—of men in New York at this moment who would be glad to get it. The other day the Herald modestly alluding to its value as an advertising medium, mentioned the circumstance that one advertisement in its columns for an assstant bookkeeper brought some 375 applications for the place. The Evening World lately had a reporter tramping all over town, day after day, applying for employment to persons who had advertised for help, and then writing up his experience, the sum and substance to which was that every place he applied for was taken before he could get around to it. For the ten thousandth time the warning may be given to men out of work to stay away from New York unless a place has been secured before they come.

A BREEZE FROM THE PACIFIC

"Silver" Stewart Makes a Great Speech.

FACED BY PAUPER LABOR.

The Swimming of the Gilbert Islanders—Los Angeles Real Estate Operations—Cleveland's Death-bed Repentance.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—[Special correspondence of THE BEE.]—The Gilbert Islanders have left us, returned to their native specks of rock amid the blue waves of the Pacific. Two of them gave a great swimming performance at the Cliff House, before they embarked on the schooner Addie C. Hazeltine. The two best swimmers of the party, or rather, to be exactly truthful, the two whose coustitutions best resisted the cold of our waters, were named E-gee-bor-wa and Narkada, and they went through the vehement surf that beats around the Cliff House like veritable mermen. But there was an American sailor who swam with them for the fun of the thing, and who made just as good a showing. He had been wrecked on the Gilbert group and spoke their language fluently. He was consequently a great boon to the people who had paid their fifty cents to see the swimming from the veranda and windows of the Cliff House, and it was from him that I learned their names. E-gee-bor-wa sounds somewhat Digger Indian-like, and the men somewhat resemble the Shoshones, who are the best specimens of the race, as the Diggers of Northern California are the worst. There was a second exhibition in the afternoon, and Egeeborwa climbed this time onto seal rock, giving those creatures a fearful scare. Narkada was taken with a fit of coughing when in the midst of the breakers, and if he had not been promptly rescued by the sailor and the other native, he would have lost his passage home beyond any doubt. All the islanders were suffering from colds and bronchial trouble, which seemed strange, for San Francisco has been remarkably free from fogs considering the time of year. Lee, the sailor, said that they would all have died from consumption if they had not been sent home. So that shows pretty plainly that there is no real safety for a pulmonary invalid north of Santa Barbara. And yet people from the east who have weak lungs come and settle in this city and all along the Contra Costa range on the other side of the bay, and expect to be all right. It is clearly a mistake.

LOS ANGELES REAL ESTATE OPERATIONS.

There is every reason why southern California should become a great and populous community, but the real estate men, particularly in Los Angeles, take, in my opinion, a wrong way. A combination of them publish in that city a paper, which is distributed gratuitously in whole or in part. On the editorial page are statements about lots which I copy verbatim.

"Five years ago lots on Downey avenue, in East Los Angeles, were sold for $100 which cannot to-day be bought for $10,000." "Less than nine months ago lots in Meadow Park were selling for $50 each, and they are now eagerly sought after at $350 each." "Lots in the business center of Pasadena are selling for $1,000 a front foot, and lots opposite the new opera house are now bringing from $5,000 to $8,000 each.

I took the liberty of asking a Pasadena journalist whether these statements were true. "True?" he answered in a flame of rage. "True? No indeed! This is not journalism, it is sheer lying. And it is not business enterprise either, but unmitigated scoundrelism."

FACE TO FACE WITH PAUPER LABOR.

It is clear that from common sense principles there can be no wisdom in endeavoring to obtain enormous prices for building lots. Southern California offers unusual inducements to men prepared to deal in dried fruits, in sweet wines, in raisins and nuts, both almonds and walnuts, and its climate is so benignant that the rheumatic sufferer loses his pains, and the consumptive regains health and strength. But though these things increase the population they cannot largely increase its wealth. There is no great fortune to be made even in raisins, for though the demand is great, the competition with Spain makes prices low. Many a working-girl has tried her hand at picking muscats, and found that she could hardly earn living expenses. How often I have heard stories of supposed wrong from people who had gone south to work at raisin making. The fact is that in almost all the products of Southern California, the producer comes face to face with the pauper labor of Southern Europe and wages must be low. I do not like to say that southern California must be peopled with poor families if at all, but the facts squint that way. Therefore the booming of the Los Angeles real estate men is sickening folly.

CLEVELAND'S DEATH BED REPENTANCE.

The administration has suddenly awoke to the fact that California was mad clear through, made so by a long series of hostile acts and studied neglect. All of a sudden there has been a change, a sort of eleventh hour reformation. Some one must have informed the president that the Californians were in ecstacies over the Chinese exclusion bill, and that there was a chance for him to regain the good opinion of the Pacific slope by paying some attention to the wishes and wants of that section.

It is, after all, a part of the United States, though Mr. Cleveland had forgotten it, and Secretary Whitney evidently never knew it. Dr. McAllister, the United States commissioner of immigration in Frisco, took upon himself to pose as the champion of the Chinese, and to do all in his power to frustrate the workings of the bill, more particularly with regard to the return of the coolies on the Hong Kong steamers. His appointment was promptly revoked, and he woke one morning to find his head in the official sawdust. The office was conferred upon William H. Thornley, who is the state commissioner. It happens that McAllister ought never to have been appointed, for the United States law on the subject says explicitly that the chief immigration commissioner of every state shall also receive the federal appointment, so that there may be no clashing of authority, whenever prompt action becomes necessary. Still it is a sign that Cleveland feels either remorse for the past, or inquietude for the future. Another significant straw with regard to the change of base of the administration is furnished by the treasury ruling on fruit juices. Arpad Haraszthy and all the viticulturists have contended that the duty ought to be $2 a gallon for all such liquids when they contained alcohol, and a clear showing was made that cherry juice was largely used in the manufacure of fraudulent wines. The treasury has ruled at last that cherry juice must pay a duty of $2 per gallon. Had this been done before, Cleveland would have had the vote of the wine men of the north; had Cleveland been from the first sincerely anti-Chinese in sentiment, he would have had the vote of California solidly. But these appeals for votes made so unblushingly now, disgust us, and we feel contempt, not gratitude.

"SILVER" STEWART MAKES A GREAT SPEECH.

If California and Nevada have been stamping grounds for millionaires who wanted to buy a senatorship, everybody must admit that the two states have turned out two men, Stewart and Jones, who are authorities on the silver question. They never speak upon that topic without being listened to with great attention. Senator Stewart made, a day or two ago, a great speech at the republican wigwam, and he fairly let himself out, just as on occasions a blooded trotter will do his utmost. After he had spoken about the Chinese, which comes first as a matter of course, he looked round humorously at his audience, giving a shake to those reddish-gray locks of his. "Now shall I speak about silver or the tariff?" "Oh d——n the tariff!" cried someone, giving Henry Watterson his right change, "let's hear about silver." Then all the audience rose up and yelled "Silver, silver." Your eastern men will never listen to the mining side, and say, its all self-interest. Of course the eastern capitalists have no interest on the other side! The real question is where the public interests lie. Stewart scored Cleveland in the most dreadful manner recapitulating every hostile act of the man. He wound up by saying: "Cleveland is the tool, the servant of the gold contraction conspiracy of Europe and America, and if he be elected, gold standard contraction will go on, as he will veto every bill that looks toward the release of silver. His schemes in the silver conspiracy have reduced property 33 per cent; they have made tens of thousands poor; and have put more and more wealth in the hands of the rich." Then there arose a yell that would have made birds fall from the sky, so mighty was the concussion of the air. Blaine himself could not have evoked more enthusiam

ON MOUNT HAMILTON.

Old Lick's bequest for the great observatory on Mount Hamilton is beginning to yield substantial results already. Professor Holden, who is the director of the institution, took every night, during the month of August, when the moon is notably resplendent, and is called the harvest moon, a series of photographic views of our planet's satellite with a large photographic lens. These are more than five inches in diameter, and show all the elevations and depressions with startling minuteness. It is customary to call these extinct volcanoes and plains, but at first the student only sees things that are inexplicable to him. Professor Proctor would have enjoyed these photographs could he have seen them, for they realize startingly his conviction that the moon is a dead world, without atmosphere, without water, hence without life. The director says that very few other localities would have permitted such continuous photographing representing the satellite from the first faint crescent of the young moon to the last faint crescent of the old moon in the morning sky. The University of Southern California has determined to go in for astronomical observations also, and to erect an observatory on Wilson's peak. It is unnecessary to say that the president, Dr. Bovard, has determined to beat the Lick observatory, or perish, and he is negotiating with Alvin Clark, who makes big lenses for a forty-two inch lens, whereas the lens of the Lick telescope is only thirty-four inches. The total cost of the Bovard telescope will be about a hundred thousand dollars, and it will be steered by Professor Pickering, the astronomer of Harvard college. San Francisco does not feel unhappy at the prospect that Los Angeles will have a larger telescope, as in that case California as a state will then have the two largest telescopes in the world. There can be no doubt that great things for astronomical science will be accomplished by both.

A CITY "CORNICHE" ROAD.

Dear old Frisco is much more like a European city than an American. Its roots were developed when its population was intensely cosmopolitan, and the result has been most delightful to every one who has in nim a good spice of Bohemianism and artistic feeling. If you look at the bay you see the lateen sails of the Italian fishing boats, and you might easily believe yourself in some nook of the Adriatic, so blue are the waters and the air, and so rich the coloring of the mountains. A project has been advanced for a locomotive line almost similar to the corniche tramway of Marseilles, which is one of the most beloved institutions of that famons city. The idea was taken from the mountain road two thousand feet above the level of the sea, which follows necessarily every contour of the alpine heights, and bears therefore a faint resemblance to the cornice of a ceiling, from which it takes its name. A company has put up two and a half millions for the immediate construction of a belt line of railroad along all the wharves, and to the North Beach, and thence to Channel street. The lawyer of the company attended a meeting of the harbor commissioners and made the proposal. He stated that when the work was completed it would be turned over to the state as a free gift, with the sole proviso that any road entering San Francisco should have the right to share the track and that no road should be excluded. The harbor commissioners did not consider that they had authority in the matter and the question was referred to the state attorney. We feel pretty much like old Priam, or some other Trojan, who feared the Greeks, even when they brought gifts. Our railroad companies are notorious Greeks, and have given us good cause to fear them. Otherwise the road would be a blessing, and would be largely patronized by tourists. TIG.

Dom Luiz, king of Portugal, who translated "Hamlet" into Portuguese some years ago, has just published a translation of the "Merchant of Venice." The monarch, in addition to being a linguist and poet, is a virtuoso on various instruments.

THE EVENING BELLS OF HEAVEN.

[For the Sunday Bee.]

When down the mystic gloaming falls,
And earth her dusky curtain draws,
When all reposeful is the hour,
We mount imagination's tower,
To catch the strains of far off chimes
Borne on the breeze from sunny climes,—
The evening bells of heaven.

Now soft and low they come and go,
In rhythmic music—ebb and flow;
While blended in the clear refrain
Voices long hushed we hear again.
They breathe a cadence through the soul
Of blissful rest, our final goal,—
Those evening bells of heaven.

With chant of saints who sweetly sing,
Exultant now they joyful ring,
And high through heaven's starry dome
Victorious peal the welcome home,
Where flowery meads, all trouble o'er,
Invites the weary evermore,—
Those evening bells of heaven.

Ring on, chime on, celestial bells!
Of faith and hope your story tells;
Peal on the trembling evening air,
Surcease from toil, a call to prayer.
And when we sleep in death's dark night,
Ring on, and lead us through to light,—
O ,evening bells of heaven.

MRS. A. C. WEIR.

LOVE MUST CONQUER.

San Francisco Call: Edward Stanhope, after graduating from Harvard and spending five years on a pleasant tour in Europe, was called home by the sudden death of his father to find that he was left penniless to hammer out his own living.

He had been educated to be a gentleman, and therefore no business man wanted him. At last, when all hope was ebbing away, he happened to attract the notice, one day in the street, of a Boston merchant named John Jame. Martyn. After some questioning Mrs Martyn engaged him to teach French and German to his invalid daughter who had gone south for her health on a Virginia plantation.

In his bluff way the merchant asked Stanhope to promise on his word that he would not make love to Rena, his daughter. "She is too young to be anything but romantic," he said.

So it was that Edward Stanhope came to be a member of the Martyn family, and through Serena's aunt, Mrs. Conyar, regarded him askant at first, she was compelled to own that he was a young man who knew his place.

The daughter, a wilful little blonde of sixteen, was a bewitching pupil, but, though wonderfully quick in catching the conversational language, was stubborn about rules and routine. "I want to read and talk," she would say, "and I wont learn whole pages of horrid verses and rules."

So they read and talked, and Stanhope, in spite of his resolutions, soon found himself hopelessly in love with his pupil.

It was a year before matters came to a climax. Rena had been ill, and in her delirium her aunt heard words that warned her to send Edward Stanhope away, unless they were prepared to give this one pet idol of the household to his loving care.

It was not Mr. Martyn's nature to mince matters, and he sent for Edward Stanhope to come to his private sitting-room as soon as he underrtood the case.

"I find we must part," he said very gently, "and I regret it deeply; but I will send you to Boston as our corresponding clerk, if you will accept the position."

"Part! Go to Boston!" cried the young man.

"Is it not best for you?"

"Yes. You are right! You have guessed, then, the secret I thought I guarded so well."

"That you love Rena?"

"Yes. Let me tell you my story, Mr. Martyn. You think that I am a presumptuous fool, but perhaps you will change your mind. I am a gentleman by birth, but my parents were lost at sea when I was a boy. One of the passengers on the steamer saved my life and brought me to his home His own wife and child were lost, and he became fond of me. He was wealthy, and he adopted me, giving me his name and leading me to suppose that I would be his heir. It was wronging no one, as his nearest relative was a nephew, who is immensely rich, and has lived for years in California. There was no expense spared in my education, and yet I was taught nothing practical—no trade, no profession, by which I might earn my bread. When I left college my benefactor, whom I had called father for many long years, took me abroad, and we traveled together for four years. Then for the first time we separated, as he grew homesick, and I was wild to visit the eastern lands. He returned home, almost forcing me to join a party who were bound to Oriental countries. After a year or more of travel I returned to Paris to find a summons, two months old, to return to America. When I reached my old home my dear adopted father was dead, and I was thrust into the world penniless. The lawyer who attended to all of my benefactor's legal affairs told me there was surely a will, leaving me everything, but it could not be found. The nephew claimed the entire estate and sold the homestead. I left Norfolk stunned and came to my old home to find a stranger in possession.

"Bless my soul! Your adopted father's name didn't happen to be Wainwright, did it? This didn't happen to be the homestead, eh? And your name isn't Edward Wainwright, is it?"

"You know me then?"

"Not a bit of it. But why didn't you tell me your name instead of masquerading under another one?"

"My name is Edward Stanhope. When I lost all else Mr. Wainwright intended to give me, I gave up the name I held only by his adoption."

"Oh, that's it. Well, Mr. Stanhope, I had not been here a month when I found the will of Mr. Wainwright in that queer old desk in my bed room. Rena wanted the desk, and when we emptied it we found this important document behind one of the drawers, very snugly hidden, but quite accidental, I judge. I sent it to your lawyer, who informed me that young Mr. Wainwright had disappeared."

"The property is mine, then?"

"Yes, I suppose there will be some delay about selling the house again, and it is a bother to me, since I really feel at home here."

"But why need you sell it again? You know my love for Rena. If she will listen to me now that I dare speak—"

"Oh, yes, bless me, how forgetful I am! Yes, yes! You wont want that position of corresponding clerk."

"But I will never forget the kindness that offered it to me."

"Yes—yes—and you wont take my little girl quite away from me. The house is large enough for all of us."

There was a "nine days' wonder" when the missing heir appeared, but Rena "listened when Edward dared to speak," and when the "prince came to his own again," a sweet-faced princess reigned at his side.

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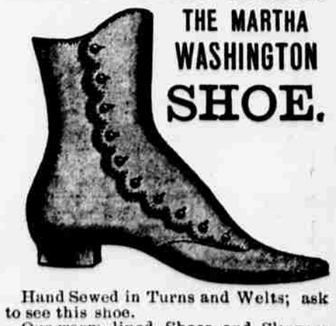

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